

66/455

THE
B A T T L E
O F T H E
P L A Y E R S.
E X H I B I T I N G

The CHARACTERS of all the
ACTORS and ACTRESSES
ON THE
I R I S H S T A G E.

WITH AN
Impartial ESTIMATE of their respective MERITS.

*Let Peals of Thunder, Codrus, round thee break,
Thou, unconcern'd, canst bear the mighty Crack:
Pit, Box, and Gallery, in Convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unburt amidst a bursting World.*

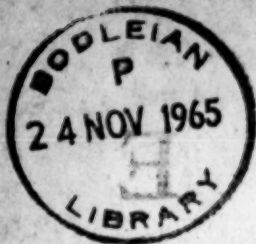
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D U B L I N:

Printed for R. LEWIS, at the Register-Office,
in Crane-Lane. MDCCLXII.

[Price a British Six-Pence.]

Bought from Hodges Figgis 19/38



THE
B. A. T. L.

P. L. A. Y. E. R. S.

The Characters of all the
ACTORS and METRESSES

J. R. H. 2 V. 10 E.

Printed at the University Press, Oxford

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THE
NAMES
OF THE
ACTORS and ACTRESSES,
Taken Notice of in this Work.

A

Abington, 23.

B

Barry, 5, 8, 14,
20, 35, 39, 40.

Bellamy, 28, 29.

Booth, 33.

Brown, 21, 22.

D

Dancer, 23.

Dexter, 25, 26,
27.

Digges, 36, 37.

F

Fitzhenry, 23.

Fleetwood, 36--7.

G

Glover, 34, 35.

H

Heatton, 26.

J

Jefferson, 32, 33.

K

K

Kennedy, 28.
Kniveton, 35.

M

Mahon, 32, 33.
Mossop, 6, 10, 19.

O

Osborne, 28.

R

Roche, 28.
Rosco, 28.

S

Sparks, 31, 32,
33, 34.
Stayley, 26, 27.

V

Vernon, 31, 32.
Usher, 35.

W

Walker, 23.
Weston, 35.
Woodward, 9, 21,
22, 37, 38.



THE

THE
BATTLE
OF THE
PLAYERS.

YE *Heliconian* Streams, and
sweet *Pierian* Springs, avaunt,
I am not thirsty. Mount of
Parnassus, stoop down thy lofty Head
and be levelled with the lowly Earth,
or I cannot reach thy Summit, for,
alas! I'm gouty. Miss *Calliope*, I
loath thy Beauties which I have so oft
enjoyed; and therefore, fly, begone,
I want thee not. *Euphrosyne*, thou
wert formerly too my Darling; but
now I clasp a more substantial Beau-
ty. Tuneful Nine, ye all may follow
your Chief, for ye can be of no Ser-

vice to me now. I court none of ye to aid my Labours; for ah, how can I be delivered by Maids?

BUT come, thou late departed Patriot, thou bright Genius, immortal SWIFT, do thou for awhile, leave those *Elysian* Fields, where thy Spirit now wantons at large, and for a few Moments supply the Place of my ministring Spirit, if ministring Spirit I have; and infuse some small Particle of that Genius, enkindle in my Breast some little Spark of that celestial Fire with which thy whole Soul glowed: So shall the admiring World confess thy Power; and, surprized at the Phenomenon of an ingenious Work by a Native of *Ireland*, shall rejoice that 'though cut off from the chearful Face of Men, thou yet art the Cause that Wit is not wholly banished the Country that gave thee Birth.

AND first, teach me to relate the Origin and true Source of a Battle, that has caused such Commotions in the Theatrical World, and sown such
Seeds

Seeds of Contention amongst the Sons of Men, as warmed by the hot Spirit which now prevails, and emits its nutritive Effluvia, will in due Time produce a most plentiful Harvest.

THE *Barryists* are a Set of People, who, firm to the Cause of their Chief, animate and support him amidst his Toils and Struggles for unlimited Empire. The King and General, being naturally of an haughty and imperious Disposition, and violently fond of Despotism and arbitrary Sway, was easily worked on by his Minions and prime Ministers, to endeavour by all possible Means, to prevent any Rival to his Throne, by either banishing those whose Power he feared, or by Largeſſes distributed among others whose inordinate Love for Gold, ſuperior to their Luſt of Power, would induce them to ſubmit to his Sway.

THE *Moffopians* are a Party, who bear as great and as natural an Antipathy to the *Barryists* as ſome People bear to a Cat; and there has been no Instance

Instance of any two of these different Parties meeting together by Accident or otherwise, but a Duel has ensued; sometimes one Party having prevailed, sometimes the other; owing, as it is generally thought, to their not being suitably matched.

THE King and General of the *Mossopians*, like that of the *Barryists*, is of a very haughty Temper, and is so passionately fond of the Regal Sceptre, that rather than having a Certainty of receiving a Weekly Pay, under his *quondam* Lord and Master, of no less than *seven thousand five hundred and sixty Denarii*, (a) for acting as Lieutenant-General, he came to a Resolution of making a bold Attempt, to alienate the Affection of his Masters Subjects, make them revolt from their sworn Allegiance, and even hurl the King himself from his Throne, and to cause himself to be proclaimed in his Stead.

IN

(a) Thirty Guineas *English* Money.

IN Consequence of this bold Resolution, Conspiracies were formed, and Machinations carried on against the Government. Long Time were they practised unknown, and of course, with Success. The General was himself at the Pains of forming all his deep Schemes, and executing them himself. He did not trust Affairs of so much Moment to another; but like *Prussia's* great Hero in a Field of Battle, was one while in this Part, another in that: Was now ordering wild Uproar to reign here, and anon to stalk triumphant in another Part.

BUT it cannot be expected that Conspiracies should be ever concealed. This was discovered a few Months since, and an Attempt made to dissolve it, but in vain. The *Mossopians* loudly complained of Tyranny, and swore that they would wear the Yoke of Slavery no longer. They alledged, that such Tasks had been imposed on them, as neither they nor their Fathers were able to bear. —

That

That Freedom was Man's great Privilege, and his natural Birthright. — That it was not to be looked upon as the mere Present of a King; but as the sacred Gift of Heaven: And that to be basely robbed of their great Bulwark, their best Charter, and noblest Privilege, would be mean, dastardly, and scandalous: And therefore they were determined to adhere to their General, who had promised to restore them their antient Rights and Privileges, and would, under his Auspices, dare the Foe to the Field, and let Heaven judge the Combat; for they preferred Poverty to Dishonour, and would gain a glorious Death, rather than wear out a loathed, ignominious Life, in Slavery and in Chains.

ALL Attempts to reduce them to their Obedience being ineffectual, and their Numbers daily increasing, King *Barryman* summoned his Privy-Council, informed them of the impending Danger, and asked their Advice how
to

to act. He had no sooner finished his Speech, but Fear reigned in each Heart, and Dejection sat in each Eye. Long Time they continued mute, being absorbed in Thought, and wracked with Care. But at last, by the Advice of the bold *Woodvardo*, a Resolution was taken to repel Force by Force. ——— Orders were therefore issued to summon together all their Forces, and to give Combat to the Rebels; who were now grown so desperate, and at the same Time, so numerous, that it was greatly to be feared, that if they were not immediately opposed, flushed with their Appearance of Success, they might win over to their Party many of the King's liege Subjects, and without coming to any pitched Battle, reap all the Advantages that might be expected from the most glorious Victory.

THE Troops having received the Orders of their several Generals, soon after assembled at *Dublinium*, the Metropolis of the Kingdom, where the

King impatiently expected them, and with a Courage as noble as singular, placed himself at their Head, and with an undaunted Spirit prepared to meet the Foe.

THE *Mossopians* had in the mean Time entrenched themselves up to the very Teeth, in a Plain adjoining to the Metropolis; but receiving Recruits from all Parts, and having their Army strengthened by the Arrival of a considerable Number of brave Veterans, they scorned any longer to be cooped up; and with an Intrepidity scarce paralleled in History, begged their young Monarch to lead them to the rushing War, and by the Exertion of their Prowess and Skill, to redeem themselves from Tyranny and Slavery, or to find in the tented Field, a glorious and an honourable Death.

THEIR Monarch *Mossopus* was charmed with their Spirit, and openly applauded their Heroism.----- Indefatigable in the great Post he had under-

undertaken, he was his own Aid de Camp, and was riding through all the Ranks, to animate and encourage his Men; and by his Presence evince, that it was Activity and Courage alone that could command Success, and ensure Victory. He ordered them to forsake their Trenches, to point their glittering Spear, and he would lead them to the City in which their Foes were inclosed, and, unless prevented by their meeting them Beard to Beard, would himself shew them the Way to Conquest, by scaling their Ramparts, and Sword in Hand attacking their Citadel.

THEY had no sooner quitted their Trenches, and marched some Paces, but they discerned at a Distance a Cloud of Dust, which seemed to approach them. By the Help of Glasses, it was soon seen, that this was the whole Force of the Enemy drawn up in Battle-Array, and marching towards them in a regular compact

Manner like the *Lacedemonian* or *Grecian* Phalanx of old.

AFTER some Time, the mutual Approaches of the two Armies, brought them to a nearer View, so that they might perceive each others Force, and tell with the most critical Exactness, their Number of Men, and who they were led by, and form their several Plans, of making or sustaining an Attack.

THE Armies were now within three hundred Paces of each other, when, as if actuated by the same Principle, they stopped at the same Time. Looks of Compassion seemed now to beam from either Party; and perhaps, the Remembrance of the Happiness they had formerly enjoyed under the same Monarch, might occur to their Mind, and suggest to them, that those Halcyon Days might again return without embruing their Hands in each others Blood, or force them to the disagreeable Necessity of killing their Fathers, Sons, Nephews,
or

or other Relations, or being killed by them.

THE contending Monarchs saw the Struggles of Reason and Humanity in their several Subjects Breast; one of whom was exulting at the Sight, and the other desponding. But *Mossopus*, fired at the View beyond his natural Warmth, and knowing how much depended on his suppressing all other Passions in his Soldiers Breasts, but those of Rage and Revenge, threw away his Truncheon, and in its Place substituting his dreadful Spear, begged them to act like Men, who had Honour at Heart, and who fought for Liberty, for Glory, and for their Country.

His Oration was so spirited, so well adapted to his Soldiers Feelings, and withal so full of true martial Eloquence, that desperate with Revenge, and quite flaming with Resolution to die or conquer, they grasped hard the pointed Javelin, and begged their General would that Instant give them
Orders

Orders to hurl them against the
Foe.

ON the other Hand, King *Barry-*
man rejoiced to find the Soldiers of
his Antagonist, survey those of his
own with a Kind of Parental Affect-
ion, was hoping that the Rebellion
would be suppressed without Blood-
shed; but he was soon convinced that
all such Hopes were vain. ——— The
Speech he made before the Battle,
having been preserved from the all-
devouring Teeth of Time, (a) we
have thought proper to give it the
Reader.

“ Fellow-Soldiers and Friends,
“ Ye now see before ye, a Band of
“ Rebels conspired against their
“ Country, against their Fellow-Sub-
“ jects, and against their King: A
“ mere Rabble, whom a mutinous
“ Spirit first prompted to revolt from
“ their

(a) Our Author, we apprehend, has not been
guilty of an Anachronism here; since we may
suppose, that since the Time of writing this *true*
Battle, five hundred Years may have rolled away.

“ Allegiance, and whom their evil
 “ Genius now guides to receive their
 “ deserved Chastisement from the
 “ Hands of their Masters. Ye are
 “ not to regard them as Soldiers tut-
 “ tored in the Art of War, but as
 “ Savages, or Pyrates, whose Inten-
 “ tion is to destroy Mankind. Their
 “ Destiny is irrevocable, and their
 “ Condition hopeless. Though
 “ they abound in Numbers, yet re-
 “ member, my Fellow-Soldiers, that
 “ they are either raw, undisciplined
 “ Troops, or grey-beard Rebels,
 “ whose Blood is now frozen, and
 “ whose Vigour is lost. A Conquest
 “ over such, though not brilliant in
 “ itself, as not furnishing Toil in the
 “ glorious Harvest of War, yet is
 “ brilliant in its Consequences, as it
 “ will secure you in the Possession of
 “ your Estates, your Properties, and
 “ your Liberties. As to myself, I
 “ take the Gods to witness, that it
 “ is with Reluctance I draw the Sword,
 “ and must shed even guilty Blood;
 “ and

“ and had rather allure Hearts by
 “ gentle and persuasive Methods,
 “ than compel them by violent and
 “ resistless ones. But since neither
 “ Entreaties nor Rewards, neither
 “ Conscience or Honour, neither a
 “ Love to their Country, nor their
 “ sworn Allegiance to their King,
 “ can have any Force with these da-
 “ ring Rebels, and infatuated Vict-
 “ ims, march on my brave Fellow-
 “ Soldiers, and chastise their Insolence.
 “ ——— The Fire of honest Valour I
 “ see is kindled in your Breast, and
 “ animates your whole Deportment.
 “ Ye want no Incitements to Brave-
 “ ry; nor it is just to suppose, that
 “ free-born, loyal Subjects, require
 “ being bribed to their Duty. Yet
 “ on this, my brave Soldiers, ye
 “ may safely rely, that Honours and
 “ Rewards shall attend the Deserving,
 “ and Ourselves will take Care, that
 “ they are justly proportioned to the
 “ Services performed. Advance then
 “ my faithful Subjects, and mark your
 “ Way

“ Way to Victory and Honour,
 “ which Glory and Ourselves will
 “ point out.”

THUS saying, with hasty Strides the Army moved along. Their King seemed to look more than mortal; and through the Bars of his dreadful Head-piece, cast such a furious Look on his Enemies, as denounced the Greatness of the Rage with which his whole Soul was actuated.

THE Armies soon began the hostile War, by hurling towards each other such vast Clouds of Darts; as seemed even to obscure Sol's radiant Light, and shut out the Day. But short was the Duration of this missile Combat. Eager for the Fray, the Soldiers of either Army rushed forward to meet the Foe, and soon closed. Death now raged amain, and the fatal Sisters cut the Threads of thousands of Lives. The Combatants seemed perfectly inflamed to a Degree of Fury, and so dealt the murdering Steel, that the Earth seemed a Sea

Blood. *Mars* and *Bellona* animate the Breasts of both Armies; and stalking over Heaps of Dead, and surveying the glorious Carnage, triumph in the well-fought War.

No Advantage is yet perceived on either Side. So numerous are both Armies, that though Thousands are sent Victims to the *Tartarean* Regions, their Loss is scarce perceptible. As when a Cloud of Locusts wing their airy Way in Oriental Regions, if viewed by the astonished, irritated Peasants, they assemble in whole Bodies, to destroy and intimidate the dreadful Visitants; yet in spite of their unwearied Efforts to disperse them, they appear undiminished in Number, and not less terrible in their Havock and Devastation; so both *Mossopians* and *Barryists*, appear so formidable and numerous, that notwithstanding the Havock which Death had made, their Numbers were innumerable.

MOSSOPUS

MOSSOPUS is now seen alone in the Midst of his Enemies. His excessive Valour had carried him far from the fixed Bounds of timid Caution; and, rashly brave, he had plunged himself with a chosen Few, in the very Centre of his Foes, dealing Death to all who dared oppose him. His brave Attendants are soon cut off, and himself alone sustains the united Force of Thousands. He is hemmed in on all Sides, and the *Barryists* now hope to end the War by his Death, or by taking him Prisoner. Undaunted at his Situation, the young Hero so deals his murdering Weapon, that none dare approach him. All Hopes being fruitless of taking him Prisoner, they seek his Death, and hurl against him such vast Quantities of Darts, that his broad Shield seems like the bearded Corn with which bounteous *Ceres* loads the Plain. As when in the Wilds of *Lybia*, the furious Boar is attacked and pressed on

all Sides by the keen Huntsmen, he whets his Tusks, and meditates the Death of his Assailers; so attacked and pressed on all Sides by his Foes, the furious *Mossopus* sends Destruction on their Heads. He now rushes on them, and sends Numbers of Victims to dread *Pluto's* Regions. His left Arm sustaining his ponderous Shield, a Shield which ten modern Beaux could scarcely lift, and his right grasping his keen Sword, he so lays about him, that in spite of the Efforts of his Antagonists, he soon cuts a Passage to his own Troops; and having rejoined them, puts himself at their Head, and again seeks the Foe.

KING *Barryman*, on the other Hand, makes little less Slaughter among the *Mossopians*. Possessed of deliberate Valour, and consummate Skill, he so exercises those great Qualities, that he soon thins the Enemies Ranks, and makes them turn pale.

THE

THE bold *Woodwards* now shews himself a compleat Warriour. He is General of the Light-Infantry, and so harrasses the Enemy by his Wiles and Stratagems, that they are at a Loss how to act; and jaded with their Fatigue, are almost ready to throw down their Arms, and sue for Quarter.

THE Numbers that fell by the Hands of the *Woodvardian* Troops, being seen at a Distance by a *Mossopian* Colonel, *Bruno* by Name, he hastened to that Part with his Regiment of Light-Horse, to oppose such formidable Enemies. His Presence turns the Scale, and Victory soon hovers to his own Side. Disdaining the common Soldiers who stood in his Way, he seeks only to engage *Woodwards*, who, seeing his Intent, endeavours to fly. *Bruno*, well versed in all the Arts and Stratagems of War, baffles his Purpose; and hewing down all who oppose him, soon appears before his Antagonist, and inter-

intercepts his Passage. *Bruno* now rejoices he has an Enemy worthy of his Sword, menaces him with a furious Tone, and dares him to the Combat. *Woodwardo*, daring all that may become a Man, yet is struck with a sudden Chilness, that pervades all his Blood, and benumbs every Sense. Already has *Bruno* reared his glittering Sword, and in Imagination plunged it through his Heart; when, behold ye Infidels, instead of an *Woodwardo*, that might adorn a Field, a *Harlequin* that disgraces it, appears. Surprized at the Metamorphosis, and not judging so contemptible an Enemy worthy his Sword, *Bruno* carries the War to another Quarter; and, like a chafed Lion, falls on his Foes, scatters them like a Herd of 'frighted Fawns, and swims in their Blood.

BUT lo, on the other Side, appear some Amazons, that looking like very Angels, and fighting like very D—s, make terrible Desolation,
and

and cause the War to look hideous. At their Head are *Fitzbenrica*, *Abingtonia*, *Danceria*, and *Walkeria*, encouraging their Soldiers with true Female Eloquence, to stand firm to their Duty, and to put forth each well-strung Member to its utmost Exertion in the glorious Combat; and at the same Time reminding them, how inglorious it would be, to give out in so great a Cause, and to appear languid and feeble, when their Enemies were so erect and rampant, that they seemed just ready to storm the very Citadel, and enter it Sword in Hand.

ENCOURAGED by these martial Ladies, the Soldiers fought like Men who had a nice Sense of Honour, and in whose Breasts dwelt invincible Courage.

THE Advantage the *Mossopians* had before gained in the Combat, was now no more; and the *Barryists* seemed to triumph in their Turn, and even put to the Sword some
Mossop-

Mossopian Amazons, whose intrepid Courage having carried them into the Enemies Ranks, they vainly hoped to have conquered in the bloody War.

BUT in Battles, as on the Stage of human Life, the most prosperous Situations may be disconcerted and ruined by a single Event. So proved it now. The *Barryists*, exulting in their Success, were so inflated with the Thoughts of a glorious Victory, that Prudence and Caution forsook them, and Revenge alone seemed to occupy their Thoughts. The Amazons, quite furious for a closer Engagement, had broke their Ranks, and the *Mossopians* had penetrated into their inmost Quarters, so that they soon put them to the Sword; fighting like *Mars* of yore, Knee-deep in Blood.

THE *Barryists* are now disconcerted on all Sides. The too great Bravery of their Amazons, which carried to Excess turns to Rashness, and their eager Desire of engaging Hand
to

to Hand with the *Mossopian* Chiefs in the bloody War, had almost ruined their Hopes, and forced them to pull in the Horns of Resolution.

BUT, as in Civil Affairs, a lucky Incident often gives a Man an Opportunity of displaying his Abilities, so it happened in this martial Engagement, that an Officer, of no great Estimation with the Million, and only regarded by the Judicious, displayed such uncommon Proofs of Valour and Skill, as soon turned the Scale in Favour of the *Barryists*. This young Hero, by Name *Dexterius*, had with a manly Sorrow, seen the Ranks of his own Party thinned by the destructive Sword of the Antagonists; and, spurred on by an enthusiastic Valour, giving his Horse the Rein, he rides full Speed in the Midst of the Enemies Troops; and making his fatal Steel glitter in their Eyes, and rearing it aloft, he makes it descend on them like a Whirlwind, and compels them to fly before him.

like timid Sheep before the dreadful Wolf.

Two *Mossopian* Veterans endeavour to stop the Fury of his Arms, and oppose his further Progress. The first was named *Stayleyius*: A Man, who having been Link-Boy to the Muses, thought himself beloved by them; and who mistaking Scurrility for Satire, and the grossest Dulness for the purest Wit, had been honoured by *Cloacina*, with Permission to deposite the excrementitious Works of his hard-bound Brain, in her sacred Temple; and elated with a real Confidence, and an imaginary Valour, was grown so military mad, that he swore he would be an eternal Warrior against every *Barryist*. The Name of the other was *Heattonius*: A Person respected as a Man, but not brilliant as a Soldier. Both these at once attack *Dexterius*, and throw with all their Force their Spears against him. That of *Stayleyius*, excessively blunt, and sent by a feeble Hand,

Hand, scarce reaches the well-tempered Shield, and falls harmless on the Ground. That of his Compeer, makes a small Impression, but no Wound. As these two Warriors now standing in an oblique Posture, attempt to draw their Swords, a strong Lance sent from the powerful Arm of their Antagonist, transfixes them Side to Side, and they pour out their Souls in a Torrent of gushing Blood.

THE young Hero now carries Terror elsewhere, and makes his Enemies fly before him. The *Mossopians* Courage now begins to grow faint, and the Vigour of their Arms relaxed. Drooping and despairing they know not how to avoid the impending Death, nor have Meanness to supplicate the Conquerors Clemency.

BUT their Affairs are again retrieved by the all-resistless Valour of one Regiment. This Body is composed entirely of Amazons; and 'though those of yore, imagined that cutting off their right Breasts, added to their

Strength and Intrepidity, yet these bold Females experience, that without doing themselves that Injury, they are able of conquering the most savage Breast, of subduing the most puissant Heroes, and leading the most obdurate Hearts captive.

THIS bold Regiment is commanded by *Bellamina*, an Amazon fairer than *Venus*, and more intrepid than *Minerva*. Under her are *Rocheria*, *Kennedia*, *Osbornia*, *Roscotia*, and other Females; whose Valour is equalled only by their Judgment, and whose Agility is rivalled only by their Beauty.

THESE fair Females pour in like Fury on their Foes; and while their glowing Cheeks confess the hot Passion with which they burn, their radiant Eyes dart such sweetly-terrible Glances on all the bold Beholders, that Basilisk-like, they murder by Thousands, and ten Thousands.

THEIR Leader *Bellamina* is opposed in her Progress over the bloody Field,

Field, by a few of the Amazons of the opposite Army, who had not been put to the Sword by the *Mossopians*; but from these she turned with Abhorrence, as not worthy her Conquest; for Men alone she thought it an Honour to engage with, and a Triumph to subdue.

As when from afar, the Bird of *Jove* discerns the tender Lamb bleating by his fond Mother's Side, if Hunger urges, and strong Desire persuades, down descends the royal Fowl, and swift as the Lightning's Flash, darts on the trembling Victim, closes his strong Talons, and soars aloft, winging his rapid Way through trackless Paths of Æther: So from afar, the youthful
discerning the all-conquering

(a) he disdains all meaner
Conquests,

(a) It is much to be lamented, that this Amazon's Name, and that of her Conqueror, is not mentioned by our Author. I cannot think but he wrote both in his MS. since it appears to me, to be the most interesting Scene, as well as natural

Conquests, and flying towards her on the Wings of Impatience, brandishes aloft his dreadful Sword, and strives to find a Passage to her Heart. The Amazon for some Time parried the Hero's Thrusts, and retorted the Attack. The Warrior pressed forward, determined to give no Quarter, but either conquer or die. The Amazon, after vainly endeavouring to resist superior Strength, and receiving a terrible Wound near the Heart, could no longer continue the unequal Combat; but fainting, dying, submits to her Conqueror; and with half-closed Eyes, in a broken

tural Description, in the whole Piece; and therefore, I think, the Omission must be imputed to the Negligence of his Amanuensis, or the Carelessness of some future Transcriber. But this is the common Infelicity attending all great Authors, as well as the Classics; whose Labours and Studies, devoted to the public Service, are so miserably mutilated, mangled, and rendered obscure. However, the Reader, perhaps, in his literary Researches, may supply this Deficiency, and thereby render this Work more complete than it is at present. ----- If the Omission be supplied, it shall be taken Notice of in a future Edition.

ken, murmuring Language, demand-
ed Pity, and besought his Clemency.
Fired to the utmost Degree of Fury,
the young Hero regarded not her
Prayers, but rearing his Sword aloft,
he plunged it in the fair Amazon's
Body up to the very Hilt.

VICTORY now inclines to neither
Side. Both *Mossopians* and *Barryists*,
notwithstanding the Fatigue they had
suffered, still fight with Fury, and
continue the Combat with undimi-
nished Vigour. Lance is now poin-
ted against Lance, Spear against
Spear, and Sword against Sword.
The God of Battle and *Bellona*, are
now within their proper Sphere, and
encourage the Combatants of either
Army to prolong the Fight, and to
act like Heroes, whom no Toils can
weaken, and whom no Terrors can
dismay.

Lo! from afar the great *Sparkerius*
appears, shaking his dreadful Faul-
chion, blushing with the Blood of
Thousands. Him *Vernonius* met,
and

and thought to gain immortal Honour by his Death. Foolish Man! not to know the Strength of great *Sparkarius*! To the Shades of *Aver-nus* he was soon sent an unwilling Ghost.

MAHONIUS, a Captain of the *Barryists*, wants to measure his Sword with *Sparkarius*; but, diffident of his own Strength, to cope singly with so puissant a Warrior, he calls to his Aid the renowned *Jeffersonius*. To him *Jeffersonius* soon comes, and both in Concert, resolve to attack the bold *Mossopian*.

As when the foaming Surge and furious Billows, idly impotent, and ridiculously revengeful, seek to conquer the stable Rock; propt on itself, and in its own Basis secure, the stable Rock contemns their Malice, and derides their Efforts; so, conscious of his own Merits, the noble *Sparkarius* sustains their united Shocks.

MAHONIUS first threw his Spear against his Foe, but whizzing,
it

it cut only the yielding Air, and fell harmless on the Earth. That of *Jeffersonius*, thrown with greater Force, would have pierced the *Mossopian's* Shield; but seeing its Destination, he inclined a little to the right, and avoided the fatal Stroke. Behind *Sparkorius*, stood an unexperienced common Soldier, *Boothonius* by Name. Him it smote full in the Forehead, and sent lifeless to the Earth. *Sparkorius* then rearing his well-pointed Lance, threw it with so good an Aim, and with such amazing Strength, that it entered the Body of *Mabonius*, and nailed him to the Ground. The *Mossopian* then drawing his keen Sword, flew in a Moment on *Jeffersonius*, who, conscious of his own Weakness to resist so redoubted a Champion, attempts to fly. *Sparkorius* seeing his Intent, frustrates it, by a Blow, which coming obliquely on his Enemy's Neck, severs his Head from his Body, as the playful School-Boy severs the Head of the blushing

E Poppy

Poppy from its bending Stalk. The *Mossopian* then, proudly eminent, strides over the embattled Plain, seeks the most formidable of his Foes, and marks his horrid Way through Blood and Slaughter.

AND lo, nobly fighting at the Head of his Company, the youthful *Gloverius*. Sprung from the Loins of a brave Father, and a chaste Mother, he inherited the Virtues of each. In his juvenile Days, while as yet native Genius, luxuriantly wild, had shot forth its budding Honours, and promised lovely Fruit; and while exursive Fancy, unchastised by the severe Corrections of Reason, had wantoned in the Muses sacred Bowers; our young Hero felt a Loss most sensible, but inexpressible: The Guardian of his Youth, the Fashioner of his Mind, the Author of his Being, quitted a temporary, for an eternal Existence. From that Moment, leaving one detestable Profession, our Hero entered on another, ----- that of his present.

HE

HE now rides furious over the ensanguined Plain, menacing Vengeance on the *Mossopians*. He is opposed by the brave *Usherius*, and *Knivetonus*; but exerting his utmost Strength, and rearing high his broad Sabre, he makes it descend so forcibly on their Necks, that with one Stroke, he severs their Heads from their Bodies.

THE valiant *Westonius* could not with Apathy, behold the Fate of his loved Companions. He seeks to revenge them; but Passion so far transports him beyond the Bounds of Reason and Caution, that leaving Part of his Body unguarded, a Thrust of his Antagonist's Sabre, deprives him of Life.

THE great *Barryman* with Rapture, beheld our young Warrior so expert in his Profession; and quite transported with his Skill and Courage, frankly acknowledged, that 'till then he never knew his Abilities;

the low Posts he had before held, never having given him Opportunities to exert them.

AND lo, from the opposite Army, comes thundering over the Plain, the furious *Diggentius*. He is opposed by a select Body of the *Barryists*; but he attacks, conquers, and disperses them, like Chaff before the Wind. Where-ever his Sword falls, Death instantaneous hangs; and happy is that Man, that at a Distance beholds the Exploits of so formidable a Foe.

To oppose so great a Warrior, and able Chieftain, behold from the *Mossopians* Corps de Reserve, issues a young Colonel; who, 'though as yet, not completely versed in all the Arts and Stratagems of War, yet by his graceful Demeanour, and intrepid Courage, shews himself a great Support of the *Barryists*, and that in Time he will be found capable of supporting the highest Posts with Honour and Dignity. The Name of this Colonel is *Fleetwoodianus*. What would

would have been the Event of so dreadful an Engagement, is hard to say; but the two Heroes were prevented from entering into the Contest by their respective Troops, who interposing, forced them to carry the Terror of their Arms to another Quarter.

AND now the strangest Sight that ever attracted mortal Eyes, is seen in this dreadful Field. *Woodvardo* seeing that Victory seems fond of the *Mossopians*, and is preparing to crown them with well-earned Lawrels, brings into the Field, a motley-medley Body of Troops, such as never should be brought to contend for Glory and Honour, in Glory and Honour's principal Place of Residence, and which never is brought there, but as the last Effort of expiring Hope. This Body is composed of the lowest Order of Men; and their Intent is not to purchase Victory by their laudable Behaviour and noble Conduct, as to surprize it by their
Activity

Activity, and Feats of Cunning. They are called Pantomimists; and in these, their General, the bold *Woodvardo*, places his chief Confidence, and looks on them as the best Soldiers.

It is surprizing what a Change of Affairs the most trivial Thing will sometimes cause in private Concerns; and it is no less surprizing, that it should have a similar Effect on public ones. Even in the glorious Field, where Courage and Skill alone, should be rewarded with Honours, and Infamy attend the Coward, we have known, that through the Partiality of great Scoundrells, Merit has been rewarded with Neglect, and rank Cowardice with Rewards.

WHETHER these Troops under *Woodvardo*, will recall doubtful Victory to the *Barryists*, is not yet known, they being on the very Isthmus of an Engagement, at the Time I write this Account.

AND

AND behold, at the Time this was tranſacting, the great *Barryman* appears, rearing his crimſoned Faulchion, and ſeeking the moſt powerful of his Foes through Heaps of ſlaughtered Bodies. He cuts his Way through all that oppoſe him, and with a Voice like Thunder, daring the valiant *Moffopus* to Combat, roars out,

What ho ! young *M* ——— *p* ho ! tis *B* ——— calls.

I hate thee *Harry*, for thy tim'rous Soul.

Now, if thou doſt not hide thee from my Sword,

Now, while the angry Trumpet ſounds Alarms,

And dying Groans tranſpierce the wounded Air ;

M ———, I ſay, come forth, and ſingly face me :

Spranger is hoarſe with daring thee to Arms.

MOSSOPUS heard his Voice and rejoiced. Proud of an Opportunity of demonſtrating how worthy he was of Command, he haſtened to the Place from whence the Roaring iſſued, determined to engage with his Adverſary ſingly, Hand to Hand.

THEY

THEY soon met, and prepared for the Combat. Already had the two Heroes collected all their Strength, stretched every Artery and Nerve, and uplifted their dreadful Swords, when from on high descends a golden Ballance, suspended by a Chain whose Top touches Heaven. In either Scale the Fate of both the Heroes was exactly weighed. Which preponderated, and which kicked the Beam, is not known ; a thick Mist, suddenly arising, having so totally enveloped both Heroes and Scales, that nothing could be perfectly discerned by me. As then it is out of my Power to relate the Event of so dreadful a Battle, the Fate of these Heroes must be judged of, and determined by the candid, the impartial Public.

F I N I S.

